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GRETNA GREEN,

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, SMOKE-ALLEY.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1747. 5.6.4.2.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RORY, the Black-ſmith and Parſon.
CAPTAIN TIPPERARY.
CAPTAIN GORGET.
ANDREW, and a Farrier.
POST-BOY.
POSTILLION.

Miſs PLUMP.
MARIA.
SIGNIORA.
LADY PEDIGREE.

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1918

GRETNA GREEN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An outside View of a Blacksmith's Shop, a distant View of Mountains, &c. RORY *discovered with two Assistant Farriers.*

AIR I. *by* RORY, *who comes from the Shop.*

I Can shoe a horse or kiss a lass
And nail twa lovers firm as brass,
I can knock about the pot and glass
In bumpers till I'am mellow:
Ye parents guardians I defy,
Nay e'ven the Court of Chancery,
The widow's tears the virgin's sigh
I stop like a good fellow.
Old maidens I detest,
Peevish fretting, yet coquetting,
Batchelors can ne'er be blest,
Snarling and backbiting.

All ye fair wards pray come to me,
I'll grant you Hymen's liberty
To love and sport with merry glee,
As mammy did before ye:
Then all ye bucks and bloods and beaux,
Bring each your girls that are not foes,
To wedding shoes, and wedding cloaths
As daddy did before ye.
Old maidens, &c.

Enter ANDREW.

Come master Rory, here's more work for you mon.

RORY. Huzza! gude news faith, then I may light Hymen's Torch at the Forge of Vulcan, and Cupid may blaw the Bellows.

ANN. Ay maſter Rory, you have always two irons i' the fire.

RORY. Twa irons, three if you pleaſe, firſt of aw I'm a Blackſmith, ſecondly I'm a Doctor of Phyſic (for horſes,) thirdly I'm a Doctor for Lovers, for many a couple has their hands coupl'd in wedlock.—Well madam maſter Crack *(Enter* POSTILION.*)* have you brought me any more cuſtomers.

POST. Yes, an Iriſh officer, with a young lady from London, and an Italian Madamazell with them, they are a rare ſprightly ſet—the Iriſhman lather'd away as he call'd it, and odsfleſh, at every kiſs he gave his bride, he made a ſmack as loud as my whip *(ſnaps his whip)* but here they come.

Enter TIPPERARY *and Miſs* PLUMB.

(as he enters) Where the devil has the boy got?

POST. There he calls me boy that has a wife and ſix children.

TIP. Which is the parſon my dear?

POST. There he is.

TIP. What that blackguard there! Is that the parſon. Pray friend now tell me are you a Proteſtant Clergyman or a Preſbyterian, or are—perhaps you are a White Friar.

RORY. In troth captain I am a Black Friar at your ſervice.

TIP. Can you marry a gentleman, and will your marriages ſtand good in law?

RORY. Aye, in any Court of Chriſtendom, even in Chancery.

Miſs PLUMB. Oh yes, captain, for I have heard ſay any body may marry in Scotland.

RORY. *(looks attentively at* Tipperary) it certainly muſt be the ſame—it is the very man of aw, *(aſide.)* a word with you captain, did I not once marry you before?

TIP. Why what the devil friend!—was it you did me that kind office? but huſh! my honeſt Parſon—I'll be your cuſtomer again ſhortly,

RORY. Oh, I am mum.

Miſs PLUMB. What is any thing the matter captain?

TIP.

TIP. Oh nothing my jewel at all; only the parſon here ſays, he longs to be marrying ſo handſome a couple my dear.

RORY. Aye that I do—here Andrew (*Enter* ANDREW.) get me my Canoneals, in the intrum I'll give you a ſong I learn't from a countryman of yours, he was an unco good cuſtomer of mine—I married him three times in a twelve-month.

From fair London City we ſet out poſt flying,
And the two horns at Highgate we paſt in a crack?
Cheek by jowl life and ſoul day and night plying,
On daſhing jades flaſhing they fly at each ſmack;
From fair London, &c.

Whip and ſpur bur hur rur all the way ſplaſhing,
Driving and prancing and ſpanking along;
Laughing and galloping quaffing and walloping
And ſqueaking like two little pigs in a throng.
Whip and ſpur, &c. [*Exit.*

TIP. By my Soul, that's a queer ſon of a whore of a parſon—Well my jewel tell me how you are after your journey.

Miſs PLUMB. Oh! never in better ſpirits: but my head is ſo full of matrimony, that I forgot poor Signiora my governeſs.

TIP. Aye, by my conſcience, ſo did I myſelf forgot her—poor Signiora—but here ſhe comes.

Enter SIGNIORA.

SIG. Ay! you be de great run away.

Miſs PLUMB. Oh! Signiora I wiſh I was married, and it was all over; lord bleſs me I ſhall be ſo aſhamed.

SIG. And I ſhall be aſhamed too—Shant you be aſhamed captain.

TIP. Aye, that I ſhall my honey, my cheeks will be redder than my regimentals--after the day of wedding Signiora—I will give you a thouſand pounds out of Miſs Plumb's fortune,

SIG. Aye, that will comfort poor Signiora: a marriage be one pleaſant thing.

Soft Arno's ſtream how ſweet divine
As on its flow'ry banks we rove,
Its cooling ſhades and neat Caſſino
Rural appears the ſeat of love.
There Tuſcan youths in ſweet Soprano,
Whiſper the ſoothing am'rous tale:
There Tuſcan maids in ſoft Piano
Coo, murm'ring with the ſighing gale.

O lead me to the calm Repoſo
Where all the loves and graces dwell,
Where every ſwain Affettuoſo,
Tenderly ſighs his flame to tell;
Were every maid diſſolves in bliſſes,
Cara! oh Cara! waft me there.
Where pains and ſorrows die in kiſſes,
Kiſſes that charm and heal deſpair.

[*Exit with* Miſs Plumb.

TIP. The devil burn me, but it is not clear to me but I ſhall marry Signiora too.

Enter RORY *with black gown and band, &c.*

RORY. Here I am captain—you ſee me now black and all black.

TIP. Yes, yes, you look ſomething like a prieſt now.

Enter WOMAN *and* POST BOY.

BOY. Maiſter Rory, maiſter Rory, there's the bairne waiting to be chriſten'd.

Exit Woman *and* Boy.

RORY. Very well I was juſt agoing.

Enter ANDREW.

AND. Sandy's mair is juſt a-dying, and they want you to ſee what's the matter with her.

Enter POSTILLION.

RORY. Well maiſter Crack.

POST. The couple are waiting to be married, and I ſhall loſe my job.

RORY. Very well I was juſt agoing—the mair may die if ſhe will, and the child an Annabaptiſt, but I muſt go and marry Captain Tipparary wi aw convenient diſpatch.

TIP.

TIP. Get out ye wagabonds all of you. *(beats them off with his cane——ſinging heard by* Maria.*)* Ha! there's a pretty Girl yonder—I ſuppoſe ſhe wants to be married too.

RORY. Very like, very like the couples come down to Gretna Green wi as muckle willingneſs and as faſt as the couples went into the Ark.

TIP. Pray now what is the name of that pretty girl yonder?

RORY. She lives in this neighbourhood: they call her Jeſſie of the Tweed, or the little Shepherdeſs, ſhe has liv'd here this fortnight; and na one can tell from whence ſhe came, or what ſhe is doing.

[Maria *ſings again within.*

TIP. Upon my honour now ſhe ſings like any Canary-bird.

RORY. I perceive captain you are a good Muſician—I ſuppoſe you play on aw ſorts of inſtruments.

TIP. Aye by ſoul maiſter Clergyman, and I like all inſtruments, but one do you ſee.

RORY. What is that, captain?

TIP. The Scotch Fiddle my dear!

RORY. You are a wag, you are a wag, captain—but you muſt allow that the Scotch are a harmonious people for they have muſic at their finger ends.—Now for my ain part give me the muſical glaſſes, and a gude bottle before me.

TIP. Oh oh! my dear, ſo you make your bottle your miſtreſs—well then you are right, for it is a mighty pretty amuſement.

RORY. Very well, very well,—but notwithſtanding your jokes, it has its comforts let me tell you.

My bottle is my wife and friend,
When low her ſpirits rear me,
If ever Rory does unbend,
Oh how her ſpirit chears me.
Lovely bottle,
Warms my throttle,
Makes me niddle noddle queerly;
Stammer ſtumble,
Stare and tumble,
Wimble womble dearly.

She

She is my doctor and my nurſe,
My champion in a hobble;
Altho' ſhe empties oft my purſe,
She makes my blood right noble.
Lovely bottle, &c.

When by the waiſt I ſeize my wife
She fires me with love ſtories;
As I'm wedded to her firm for life,
I'll dance and ſing her glories.
Lovely bottle, &c. [*Exit.*

TIP. The devil burn me but he's a comical fellow. *(looks after him.)*

Enter MARIA *with a book.*

I laugh, I dance, I pipe, I ſing,
And merrily paſs the hours away,
Each morn does ſome new bleſſing bring,
That keeps me ever blithe and gay:

My food is hope, my drink is joy,
My wealth is a pure and lively mind,
My happineſs knows no alloy,
Unleſs when pity ſays be kind.

TIP. Upon my honour miſs, you ſing divinely, if it had not been for your petticoat, I ſhould take you for a pretty little bird.

MAR. I perceive ſir, you are a judge and one of the conuſcenti.

TIP. Conuſcenti, madam!

MAR. Yes ſir, you play on a great variety of inſtruments I imagine, as you ſeem ſo inchanted with the ſcience.

TIP. Inſtrument! what inſtrument?

MAR. The harpſicord or violin.

TIP. The harpſichord or violin do you ſay? by my conſcience I believe I cou'd my dear, becauſe why do you ſee, I never tried, but indeed my dear little ſhepherdeſs, I ſhou'd like to be playing on ſuch a pretty inſtrument as you—Pray my ſweet girl, what book is that you read?

MAR.

MAR. I was reading Pope's paſtorals.

TIP. Pope! oh, I perceive you are a good catholic, but no matter for that.

MAR. I read ſir—I digeſt.

TIP. You read and then digeſt!—what you read after dinner—what religion do you profeſs my dear?

MAR. I profeſs to be the friend of all mankind, my mind is liberal and poſſeſſes univerſal charity to all my fellow creatures.

TIP. Come my ſhepherdeſs you muſt give me a kiſs —*(ſhe avoids him.)* what, don't you love a ſoldier?

MAR. Indeed I do, with all my heart.

TIP. Why then I'll take one kiſs for the honour of the cloth. *(kiſſes her.)*

Enter Miſs PLUMB.

(Runs up to Tipperary) Very well ſir, very well, if I thought it wou'd have come to this, I wou'd not have thrown ſnuff in my father's and mother's eyes, to elope with you and jump out of the window into your arms—you falſe hearted man—a pretty return you make to all my kindneſs—and *(to* Maria, you miſs may be aſhamed to talk to other people's ſweethearts.

MAR. Don't be under any apprehenſions on my account—I have an Iriſh captain of my own, full of love, honor, truth, and bravery.

My fond heart ſweetly baſks in the bright beams of hope,
Without it theſe roſes and lillies would droop:
'Tis the ſun that illumes this parterre of true love;
Without hope I ſhould droop like the 'lorn turtle dove.
When my Jamie brav'd danger on Gib'ralter's fell rock,
Hope kept off the balls, made my heart ſtand the ſhock,
And drew him return'd in all vict'ry's grand charms,
After conq'ring his foes to ſubmit to theſe arms.

TIP. You muſt not be jealous before marriage my jewel—beſides you know we ſhall be married ſoon, and then you may have me all to yourſelf—for a fortnight perhaps. *(Aſide.)*

Enter RORY.

Aye captain I ſee very well that you are playing

over the old game—why man you appear like the aſs between two bundles of hay.

[*Exit* Captain *and* Rory.

SERVANT *enters and gives* MARIA *a letter.*

(*Reads.*) "This is to inform you my ſweet Maria, "that I am ſafe arrived from Gibraltar.—I have "been rob'd of a few inconſiderable articles, but ſhall "make all poſſible haſte to Gretna Green, there to "enjoy the ſuperlative happineſs of embracing my "ever dear Maria."—(*kiſſes the letter*) My dear, my conſtant Gorget!

(Maria *walks fretting at the upper end of the ſtage——comes down.*)

Miſs PLUMB. Cruel falſe hearted man to uſe me ſo.

MAR. Indeed my dear I would recommend it to you to go home.

Miſs PLUMB. Home miſs! Pray why ſhould I go home?——I came here to marry a huſband, and I will marry a huſband—go home indeed! perhaps I have as great occaſion for a huſband as you miſs. (*with a ſneer and vexation.*)

MAR. Have you ever my dear view'd the conſequences of matrimony properly in your own mind, do you know the requiſites to make a good wife, and live happily.

Miſs PLUMB. Yes, to be ſure I do, as well as other people, I muſt dreſs to walk with my huſband in Kenſington Gardens on a Sunday—to go to the opera on a Monday, Hay-market, on Tueſday, Aſtley's on Wedneſday, the Circus on Thurſday, Sadler's Wells on Friday, and to dance on Saturday in Pudding Lane, and walk with my huſband as far as Paper's Country Houſe in Cold-bath Fields.

See Lady Toniſh of Groſv'nor place,
How charmingly ſhe enamels her face,
She pencils her veins with azure blue,
With black her eye brows, combs them too,
She paints ſo true
In nature's hue,
With red and white Olympian dew,
As makes her look like a doll quite new,

And

And ſhoots macaronies thro' and thro',
Thro' and thro', &c.

She drives ſo furious hand in hand,
Tears up the pavement in the Strand.
Along Pall Mall ſo ſwift ſhe goes
She ſcarce has time to nod at beaux.
Up St. James's Street,
She gallops ſo fleet,
The bucks at Brooke's cannot her greet;
For ere from play they can move their feet,
She's tipping the Go-bye in next Street,
In next Street, &c.

Enter RORY.

My bonnie laſſie, I believe you have loſt your huſband the captain.

Miſs PLUMB. Well if I have I am determin'd to get another directly.

RORY. I left the falſe loon talking to a tall widow lady, who between ourſelves looks as if ſhe wanted a ſpice of my office too.

MAR. Do you know her name.

Miſs PLUMB. I lay a wager, its my mamma, did ſhe enquire who threw ſnuff in her eyes.

RORY. Her name let me ſee!—they call her Pedigree.

MAR. Lady Pedigree!—then I'm undone.

Enter SIGNIORA.

Ah poor Signiora, here be your mamma and I ſhall be turn'd away.

RORY. An you are my bonnie laſſie I will take you into keeping myſelf; you ſhall be my interpretor—what a pity it is that they made the act againſt polygandy, if that was not the caſe, inſtead of couples they would flock to Gretna Green in droves like horned cattle, but as to that matter—it is not long after they leave me but they turn to Horn Cattle themſelves.

Miſs PLUMB. I wonder where Captain Tipperary is.

RORY. Now here I am, like Vulcan among the graces.

Blind

Blind Cupid darts ſtrike ev'ry one
At random as they fly,
From ſparkling glaſs and jolly can
They ſhoot and blind my eye,
CHOR. What brightens nature's darkeſt nights
But love that beauteous boy,
The moon is Hymen's torch that lights,
Each loving pair to joy.

MAR. Impatient I for Thyrſis wait,
And at his bleſt return,
He'll find his tender conſtant mate
With pureſt paſſion burn,
CHOR. What brightens nature's darkeſt nights,
But love that beauteous boy,
The moon is Hymen's torch that lights,
Each loving pair to joy.

MISS P. Then I to London ſhall return,
For tho' not yet Sixteen,
I'll danger for a huſband ſpurn,
And drive to Gretna Green.
CHOR. What brightens nature's darkeſt nights,
But love that beauteous boy,
The moon is Hymen's torch that lights,
Each loving pair to joy.

SIG. Then I to th' Op'ra will repair,
For that's the charming ſpot,
Where Veſtris danc'd with heav'nly air,
Seſtini thrill'd her note,
CHOR. What brightens nature's darkeſt nights,
But love that beauteous boy,
The moon is Hymen's torch that lights,
Each loving pair to joy.

ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A mean Apartment in a Scot's Inn,*

Enter TIPPERARY.

NOW where the devil is this fame widow, here landlord.

Enter a LANDLORD.

Your honour called.

TIP. I want to know whereabouts the lady is that I ſaw juſt now.

LAND. What the lady that arrived here this morning—my Lady Pedigree—oh, ſhe is coming this way. [*Exit.*

TIP. Very well friend—ſhe a lady too!—oh, my pretty Miſs Plumb, I'll leave you to hang upon the tree, until you drop off yourſelf, like a wither'd apple, for I'll ſtick to Lady Pedigree, becauſe ſhe has a much greater fortune, and being an old tabby I ſhall the ſooner get rid of her, for the devil take me if I would tie myſelf to any woman for more than three months, and faith that's long enough for any reaſonable ſoul—but here ſhe comes, and a tight bit of goods, only they are old ſhop keepers, that the worſt on't.

Enter Lady PEDIGREE.

(*Walks up and down while* Tipperary *views her, then he ſalutes her.*)

TIP. Now what the devil ſhall I ſay to her? But no matter ſhe's a widow, and any thing ſoft.—Madam your moſt obedient ſervant—I perceive that you're a lady wandering by yourſelf, which is a contradiction in nature—I ſuppoſe you are a lady that wants a gentleman, now I am a gentleman that wants a lady, and one that can do the thing for you, ſo if you pleaſe we'll get the blackſmith of a parſon to marry us immediately.

Lady PED. Indeed ſir—No, you miſtake me entirely ſir—I did not come here to marry, but to prevent a marriage.—There is an officer who has in-

veigled away a fooliſh girl of mine and wants to diſhonour my family by a Scotch marriage.

Tip. Does he my dear? Well then I am officer too, and I will honour your family by an Iriſh marriage.

Lady Ped. Were I ſo diſpoſed I could have no reaſonable objection to your perſon, but your blood ſir, I muſt be ſatisfied as to your blood, ſir.

Tip. Oh! by my ſoul, my lady, my blood is as pure as a young goats's upon the mountains of Wicklow yonder.

Lady Ped. That may be ſir, but is your blood as ancient as mine, ſir.

Tip. O! no juſt, you are right there—it is not ſo ancient as yours, becauſe why, it is not ſo old as yours, my dear,—But tell me ſhall we be married? what you are dumb—but ſilence you know gives conſent my honey, I'll take you at your word and ſmother you with kiſſes my dear lady. (*offers to kiſs her.*)

Lady Ped. Hold captain, if I was ever ſo well inclined to marry, it is neceſſary at my time of life, to have a little diſcretion.

Tip. You are right, for by my conſcience you are no chicken.

Lady Ped. Beſides ſir, my family—I am lineally deſcended from the Princeſs Spota, who ſtole the crown from her father the king of the Egyptians.

Tip. What the devil ſo you are deſcended from both a thief and a gypſey.

Lady Ped. How ſir?

Tip. Oh, my lady, your whole family were thieves, and your ſweet pretty ſelf is the greateſt thief of them all.

Lady Ped. What, do you mean to affront me?

Tip. No, my lady, your family were emarkable for ſtealing crowns, but you are remarkable for ſtealing hearts, my lady.

Lady Ped. Oh, ſir——(*curtſying.*)

Tip. Pray madam did you ſee the coach and ſix bay horſes that ſtood at the door this morning.

Lady Ped. No, ſir.

Tip. They were mine my lady, I ſent it to fetch half a dozen lords of my acquaintance in this neighbourhood

bourhood to honour my wedding with their company.

Lady PED Indeed, ſir.

TIP. Yes, madam, I keep a Swiſs porter, a Ruſſian footman, a French cook, and a German ſecretary, my lady.

Lady PED. You are, indeed, a very happy man.

TIP. Oh, yes my lady, and for riches, my poſſeſſions are ſo extenſive, the devil be in me if any body knows either their begining or their end.

Enter RORY.

Aye, captain I ſee what you are about, I ſhall puff you with bellows, and blow up your whole ſcheme.

TIP. Be eaſy, my friend, when I marry this lady I'll give you five Guineas.

RORY, Will you, then I care not how ſoon you are ready to be wed.

Lady PED. Stop friend, I came here to hinder a marriage.

RORY. What's that, my lady, then you are no friend to procreation, but an enemy to the king and the conſtitution.

TIP. Yes, and the multiplication table into the bargain.

RORY. If that was the caſe I might put out the fire, and ſhut up my ſhop.

I ſaw a ſtout fellow ride very queer,
Hotchity, botchity, ſhakity, quakity,
Sweat run down his face with fear
And the mane he held as the bridle.
To keep him faſt on he ſtuck ſpurs in her ſide,
Kickity, ſtickity, friſkity, whiſkity,
The ſaddle ſlip'd round and he ſtuck to her ſide,
And d'ye think my good folks he was idle.

He rode not along, but acroſs the highway,
Stumblety, tumblety, hitchity, ditchity!
O what a good ſoul! for his prayers he did ſay
When on the ground he lay bawling,
I quickly to his relief bent my courſe,
Runnity, 'unnity, gigglety, nigglety!

How I laugh'd when I ſaw neither man nor horſe,
But a mare, and a taylor, a ſprawling.

TIP. Now take me to be your huſband my lady, and if that fellow of a parſon marries any one without my conſent, I'll break every bone in his body.

Lady PED. Well, ſir, I will conſider of your propoſals, I muſt not be like the young flirts of the age, who are ready to take any thing for the ſake of a huſband. [*Exit.*

Enter SIGNIORA FIGURANTE.

(*Diſcovering* Lady Pedigree *taking leave.*)

SIG. Ah, ah, Mr. Captain.

TIP. Aye, my pretty Signiora.

SIG. Go, you be very wicked lover.

TIP. I muſt kiſs you, Signiora, you remember that I promis'd you a thouſand pounds out of Miſs Plumb's fortune.

SIG. Ah! poor Signiora; has but one bank note.

TIP. What do you ſay? have you got a bank note? what is the worth?

SIG. I be worth—let a me ſee—I be worth two hundred and eleventy three pounds.

TIP. Two hundred and eleventy three pounds! now, with all my learning, the devil fetch me if I know how much that is, damn me, but, however, I have a great mind to marry Signiora too.

SIG. Do you love me?

TIP. Yes, by my ſoul do I beſt of all.

SIG. Oh! you be roguiſh lover; you love this body, and that body, and t'other body.

TIP. Faith you are right, old or young I attack them all.

SIG. Ah! you be very falſe heart indeed.

Away you wild inconſtant lover,
You'll never win me by your wiles,
All your deceit I now diſcover,
The faithleſs vow and look beguiles.
Then ſince I find that you're a rover,
In vain are roguiſh arts and ſmiles,

Away

Away you wild inconſtant lover,
You'll never win me by your wiles, &c.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Room.*

Enter GORGET *and* MARIA.

GOR. My faithful, dear Maria, your love and conſtancy more than reward me for the dangers and difficulties I have encounter'd ſince I beheld you laſt.

MAR. Aye, my dear Gorget, I never forgot to be alarmed for your ſafety.

Since that dear day my heart you gain'd,
On the wild thyme bank where vi'lets blow,
For you alone this pipe was ſtrain'd,
For you alone this breaſt cou'd glow.
How often have I penſive ſtray'd,
To th' tree where you engrav'd my name,
And when I ſaw each letter fade
I cry'd you had fall'n a prey to fame.

GOR. My ſweet Maria, what do I not owe you.

MAR. When late I watch'd by the light of the bright Moon round a neighbouring village, (as ſolitary walks have been too frequent with me) my eyes were ſuddenly fix'd on a poor maim'd ſoldier lying on the cold ground and begging a donation; I reliev'd his neceſſities two fold, for he brought into my anxious mind, fears for the ſafety of my dear, my conſtant Gorget.

GOR. Maria I find you are continually painting out why I ought to love you more and more, to relieve the diſtreſs'd ſoldier was an act of humanity as well as duty—we ſhould endeavour to render the evening of their days happy, for who can behold a brave man who has loſt his limbs in the ſervice of his king and country, without dropping the ſympathiſing tear of gratitude.

With honour's ſcars
Retir'd from wars

The Vet'ran he's a noble ſight,
His ſtains are all
By ſword and ball
Thoſe crimſon badges of his might.
His tales inſpire
Heroic fire,
In ev'ry youthful breaſt around,
With valour's ſtrong ſhield,
For their king they take the field,
And retire in old age full of glory crown'd.

MAR. Don't you ſee a gentleman and lady out yonder—they are a couple juſt arrived at this ſpot for the purpoſe that we are, he an Iriſhman and his name Tipperary.

GOR. Why ſure I ſhould know that face—oh no it can't be him I am certain—I wiſh I could ſee his face—no it is not poſſible—beſides my ſervant was a Scotchman.——

MAR. My deareſt love—my mamma is at Gretna Green, and is come on purpoſe to hinder our marriage.

GOR. Lady Pedigree here; then I regret I did not fall at Gibraltar, defending that fortreſs under the noble Veteran that commanded it.

September the thirteenth proud Bourbon may mourn,
Elliot's light'nings and thunders,
Like Jove's bolts did wonders,
With ſhot, red hot, Don Moreno was torn.
On the hills the ſpectators with grief rend the ſky.
There ſhips are all on fire
Hark! what ſhrieks! ſome expire.
Up they blow, up they blow
And thouſands now go, to the bottom low,
Whilſt wreck'd hundreds deſpairing, for ſafety loud cry,
And they find it in Curtis's humanity.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes.*

Enter RORY, SIGNIORA, *and* Miſs PLUMB.

Miſs PLUMB. Ah! Signiora—I have loſt my captain—however ſince he is gone I am reſolv'd to die a maid.

RORY. By my troth Miſs and that would be a unco great pity; but gang with me a while and I'll find you another captain.

Miſs PLUMB. Oh! no, I'll never marry another, that I am determin'd—but is your captain as handſome as mine.

RORY. Oh! he is a perfect Adonis—come I'll take you till him: but my bonne laſſie never think of dying a maid, for that would be ſetting a bad example, and Gretna Green might then go a begging.

Exeunt Rory *and* Miſs Plumb.

SIG. Every body marry——but nobody marry poor Signiora.

From branch to branch the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on the pleaſing ſtrain,
The cares of love: their only care
And paſſion ſoothe's their heart felt pain,
Hark! liſten to the Nightingale,
Whoſe mellow note ſalute the ſpring:
On yonder ſpray ſhe loves to wail.
And tenderly tho' ſadly ſing.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes.*

Enter Gorget *and* Maria.

GOR. The arrival of Lady Pedigree is unfortunate beyond meaſure.

Enter Lady PEDIGREE.

Lady PED. (*angrily*) Well my pretty runaway, are you not aſham'd to bring me ſo far after you—but now you may go wander as a ſhepherdeſs over the heath again, for you have loſt my affection I aſſure you. And you, Sir, (*to* Gorget) you have acted a very honourable part truly: but you may now go and

mourn

mourn over each other like two turtle doves, for to puniſh you I ſhall marry Captain Tipperary, and perhaps be bleſs'd with a child that's dutiful.

MAR. Oh! ſir!———

GOR. Don't deſpair Maria—we will endeavour to be happy notwithſtanding.

Enter TIPPERARY.

TIP. Come, my Lady Pedigree, I am waiting with the utmoſt impatience for the honour of your hand.

GOR (*aſide.*) My ſervant Archy M'Nab who robb'd me.

TIP. My Maſter!—The devil!—

GOR. Your ſervant Captain Tipperary—why how the raſcal is confounded.—How dare you ſir aſſume the diſtinguiſhed character of an officer and an Iriſhman.

TIP. I took the character of an officer to recommend me to the world at large, and I aſſumed that of an Iriſhman to recommend me to the ladies at large.

Lady PED. What? is he not an officer? nor an Iriſhman—what a diſcovery is this? and what ruin have I eſcap'd!

GOR. No, madam, his dreſs he has robb'd me of, and as for the brogue he has borrow'd that from ſome Iriſh hay-maker.

Enter RORY.

RORY. What is aw this?

GOR. Have you a conſtable here?

RORY. Aye we have every thing ſnug and convenient among ourſelves at Gretna Green.

GOR. Secure this fellow immediately.

RORY. He will come to be hang'd.

Lady PED. Well ſir, (*to* Gorget.) ſince you have been ſo inſtrumental in ſecuring me from infamy and deſtruction, I freely forgive you both—There children I wiſh you all happineſs. (*joins their hands.*)

RORY. So there I ſhall have a job at laſt.

GOR.

GOR. Get off you ſcoundrel, and remember that tho' you eſcape juſtice this time, you are indebted for your life to this lady. (*Lady* Ped.)

TIP. Well now I have eſcap'd two great misfortunes in one day, the firſt hanging —and what was much greater by my ſoul, I have eſcap'd being married.

[*Exit.*

Enter Miſs PLUMB *and* SIGNIORA.

Miſs PLUMB. Where is my huſband?

RORY. Very near being hang'd laſſie.

MARIA. You have eſcap'd being united to a villain and a robber.

Miſs PLUMB. Then I'll return to town, and wait till I can get another lover.

GOR. Here will I ſeek for all my happineſs. (*to* Maria.)

GOR. Secure in my Maria's heart,
No longer ſhall we live aſunder,
Tho' I yield to Cupid's dart,
I always brav'd great Mars's Thunder,
Hymen Hymen god of marriage,
To thee we drive in four-wheel'd carriage,
Thy temple's here on Gretna Green,
O Hymen charming god of marriage.

MAR. With Gorget I at length am bleſt,
A parent to our love conſenting,
Thus be our paſſion ſtill expreſt,
Still unembitter'd by repenting.
Hymen Hymen, &c.

L. PED. Then Captain take Maria's hand,
Be bleſt in wedlock's ties for ever;
Let virtue be your nuptial band,
And folly ne'er your paſſion ſever.
Hymen Hymen, &c.

Miſs PL. So ſmack to town in ſearch of fun,
And when I get a conſtant lover,

Again

Again to Gretna Green I'll run,
And all my preſent loſs recover.
Hymen, Hymen, &c.

SIG. Will no one run with me away?
Will no one marry poor Signiora?
Since huſband I can't get to day
I'll wed to-morrow and encora.
Hymen Hymen, &c.

RORY. Come ye young and come ye auld,
Come ye rich and come ye needy
I'll chain ye for a purſe of gold,
And ſure ye cannot think me greedy!
Rory Rory the god of marriage,
To me ye drive in foor-wheel'd carriage,
My temple's here on Gretna Green,
Rory the blackſmith god of marriage.
Hymen Hymen, &c.

FINIS.